



THE DAILY STORY.

THE WEDGE.

(Copyright, 1915, by W. W. Warner.)

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"I'll try one," he said. "Shouts of victory went up around the board."

"Now you're talking!" said Miss Chunksy.

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But since so many are on vacations, it has fallen off a bit of late.

"Has vacation time affected your business here?" asked one busy man, the other musing.

"Well, you'd be surprised, sir, but almost five gallons of my customers are away this week," innocently replied the milkman.

The wife of the man who found his office mates measured by the gallon recently had an experience with a soda fountain boy in which milk played an important part.

She bought one of those confections surmounted with a billowy layer of whipped cream. To the feminine taste, at least, it was really delicious and was quite as pleasing to the eye as to the palate.

The playful lady could not help expressing her delight to the young fellow behind the counter.

"This cream is very good," she said. "It ought to be," replied the boy. "I just whipped it."

And the lady is still wondering—

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The kitten was obstinate and would not come down the pole, the man was obdurate and insisted that it should, and the audience was appreciative.

At the proper time in the action of the comedy a hero appeared upon the scene and suggested that the man, instead of trying to coax the kitten out of the tree, where it had been all night, should punch, punch and otherwise justify it down.

The suggestion was acted upon, the cat was poked out of the tree, the man went away with his kitten under one arm and his curtain pole under the other, the audience departed and the park was left to darkness and the park policeman.

All this was days ago. But last week, on one of the few sunny afternoons, the man who had been suggested that he punch the kitten, was seen in the tree, free himself once more in the southwest corner of Franklin Park.

He was watching the street cars go by, a most harmless and innocent amusement, when a policeman of the precinct of matinee cat stepped out from behind some bushes and said:

"Why, hello, kitty. Say, aren't you the same chap who was up a tree here one day chasing birds? Must have agreed with you that you'd take a kitten to become a cat, and the next time before him had done just that."

Just then a woman came walking across the grass.

"Is that you?" she asked.

"Never saw him but once before in my life, madam. He's a very nice fellow, isn't he?"

"Isn't he sweet? Oh, you fat rascal!" At this the cat jumped down from the tree and ran to the woman.

The man felt like running himself, but was deterred by the appearance of the policeman, rapidly rounding the hedge.

"Get out of here!" cried the policeman, throwing handfuls of gravel at the cat.

The lady looked properly horrified.

"He's already killed two squirrels today," she declared.

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"If I ever see him in here again I'll shoot him!"

"Oh, how nice a looking cat," sighed the lady.

The smallest perfectly organized fishes in the world are believed to be the tiny minnows which are native to the little streams in the Everglades of Florida. They are greenish in color and are greatly speckled with jet black.

The largest fish is the shark, which frequently attains a length of thirty-five feet, floating upon the water like a log. This is the only fish which possesses any brain and is, therefore, the most intelligent of aquatic creatures.

It should be remembered that the whale is not a fish. The lowest order is the lancelet, a fish the size and shape of a toothpick. It is translucent and scaleless, almost finless, and burrows in warm sand. It has no real bone, but its internal structure is reduced to its lowest terms. It possesses arteries, gills and stomach, all extremely diminutive.

The most unusual organism possessed by any fish is the seeing apparatus of the eel. It has two eyes, but one of them has no eye. The other contains two eyes bulking out as though both were replaced, so that it has to turn over on its side to look at things.

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For napkins there were large, clean white towels, drawn out by the host of each guest's chair. All one had to do to bring them into action was to turn one's head slightly. They were very convenient as well as being clean.

When the man who doesn't like crabs caught sight of the little boiled ham he thought he was safe. But he had not reckoned on his host. Nor on Miss Chunksy, or Miss Tallness.

"I think I'll take some of this nice ham," if you don't mind," replied the man, helping himself.

"Come on, now, have a little of this nice ham," said his host.

"This ham is delicious," replied the man, politely ignoring the proffered crab.

It is a rather hard job to ignore a host's offer, but the man did it, and the man accomplished the feat quite skillfully, for the time being.

The reason active warfare had been declared by the two girls and the host on the mobilized crabs, a great enveloping movement took place in which crab after crab went down.

But still their solid mass remained unbroken. The host, the man, the girl, could hardly see a dent in the dish. And just when he thought he saw the pile slightly diminishing—in came reinforcements from the kitchen.

There was no hope.

"I don't believe you like crabs!" suddenly remarked Miss Chunksy.

Everybody looked at him suspiciously.

"Don't like crabs?" echoed Miss Tallness.

The table looked at the crab atheist, this infidel and alien in Chesapeake Beach.

At last the truth was out. He didn't like crabs. He called them "crabs."

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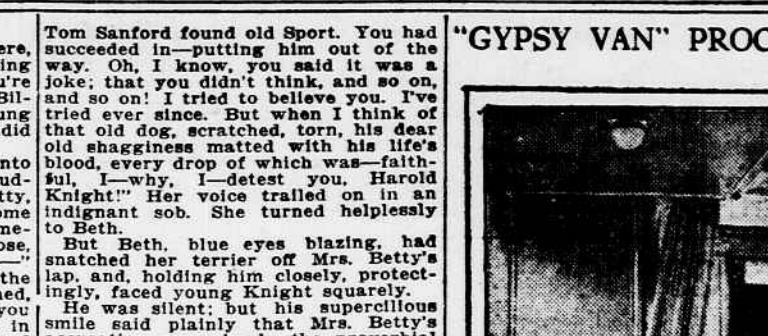
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